# The Church and The Crown, by Cavan Scott and Mark Wright

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*(Transcribers note: I may have occasionally got the two Musketeers confused, as they can sound very alike at times.)*

**[Part One]**

(Hubbub of crowd speaking French. Crash!)
DELMARRE: If you are not prepared to take back your words against the Queen, I will have to kill you.
MORAND: Run me through, Delmarre, and fifty will step forward to take my place.
DELMARRE: Fifty of the Cardinal's guards to one King's Musketeer? Ha, ha! Hardly a challenge, Morand. Besides, that's not the point, is it? The point is, you'd be dead. Ha!
(Draws sword, brief fight.)
ROUFFET: Delmarre, put the boy down and come have a drink. It's your round.
DELMARRE: Not until I've taught this dog some manners. Oh, I think his friend wants a word.
ROUFFET: What?
DELMARRE: Behind you.
(Swords clash, someone cries out. Speech punctuated by blows.)
ROUFFET: It's never wise to creep up on a Musketeer. Especially one with the wit, guile, sartorial elegance and charming good looks of François Rouffet. (fight over.) I'll put that bottle on your tab, shall I?
DELMARRE: I must have misheard when you said Queen Anne is nothing more than a common whore who consorts with the Duke of Buckingham. Surely, Captain Morand, you said I may be in the service of Cardinal Richelieu, but my loyalty to the honour of Queen Anne is unswerving. (punch) Then again. (punch)
ROUFFET: Bravo, but your dog is still awake.
DELMARRE: Well, hurry up and finish him. At this rate, the landlord may run out of wine.
ROUFFET: Oh, very well. I say, isn't that the Cardinal running naked through the street?
MORAND: What? Oh! (thud)
DELMARRE: Captain, Captain, I appear to have left my purse in my other cloak. And as my friend has pointed out, it is my round. Now, as your purse is far too full, I shall take twenty pistoles for your ignorance, and twenty more as a lesson in good manners. The Cardinal pays his captains too well, it seems.
ROUFFET: Landlord, more wine.
DELMARRE: (chuckles) The Cardinal pays fat wages these days. Perhaps we should ask for a transfer?
ROUFFET: The red velvet would clash with my Delmarre, look out!
(Punch!)
DELMARRE: For God's sake. The Captain still has fight in him. Look at that. My best cloak, ruined.

RICHELIEU: Come now sir, I implore you. Make your move. Strike now or I shall perish from boredom. And I'm sure we both agree that is no way for a warrior to meet his maker.
LOUIS: Your impatience is second only to your insolence. In battle, one must savour the sweet taste of victory.
RICHELIEU: Tell that to the General who lies bloody on the battlefield with a knife in his back.
LOUIS: Insolence does not become you. Prepare to suffer the consequences of your babbling. Check.
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, if we concentrated on playing rather than talking, we would finish in half the time.
LOUIS: Indulge me, Richelieu.
RICHELIEU: Very well. Knight takes Bishop. It would appear my life is in your hands.

LOUIS: (laughs) The Crown wipes away the Church.
RICHELIEU: A brave but foolish move. A pawn stands ready, unnoticed in the shadows, waiting to strike. Ha! The Knight is lost.
LOUIS: Your confidence is unfounded. If the Rook should move here
RICHELIEU: The Crown will fall. I believe the phrase I'm looking for is checkmate.
LOUIS: Damn you, Richelieu.
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, it's just a game.
LOUIS: (sighs) Everything's just a game to you, Cardinal.

DOCTOR: Can we talk about this sensibly, sentient lifeform to sentient lifeform? If this is going to work, you and I are going to have to have some kind of arrangement, aren't we? Now look, I need to get to the navigational controls which are underneath you, so (cat meows) if I could (slash! hiss!) Ow! On the other hand, I'm sure I could probably reprogramme them from the other side of the console. K9, where are you when I really need you.
(Internal door opens. Giggling girls enter.)
DOCTOR: Ah, Pharaoh, all set? I hope the wardrobe room had everything you needed?
ERIMEM: Please, Doctor, I no longer need that title. And, as you can see, I have shed the last vestige of my own time.
PERI: Even your hair's growing. You could join the army with a cut like that.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, charming. Absolutely charming. Well done, Peri.
PERI: Maybe I should dump botany and take up fashion. I think I've missed my calling. Want some tips, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Er, no. I'm perfectly happy with this, thank you. I could probably do with a new stick of celery, though.
ERIMEM: (laughs) You are the strangest man I have ever met.
DOCTOR: Hmm. It's a hobby.
ERIMEM: Your Tardis is truly wondrous, Doctor.
PERI: Doctor, couldn't Erimem stay? Just for a while. It would be so cool, travelling with a real live Pharaoh.
ERIMEM: I am no longer Pharaoh, Peri.
DOCTOR: Cool? I'm sorry, it's out of the question, Erimem. I really shouldn't have taken you away from Egypt in the first place.
ERIMEM: You have been more than kind, both of you. I can ask no more. You saved my life.
DOCTOR: Besides, I think you'll be much happier where we're going. Ah, we're landing.
PERI: In the right place, I hope.
DOCTOR: A little faith, please, Peri.
ERIMEM: Why do you make fun of the Doctor?
PERI: (laughs) You've got a lot to learn, Erimem. Aren't you going to check the coordinates?
DOCTOR: No need. I know exactly where we are. The Braxiatel Collection, planetoid KS159. If we're lucky, we should be just in time for dinner.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no.

CHEVREUSE: Where is he?
BUCKINGHAM: What is a beautiful lady such as yourself doing in a place like this?
CHEVREUSE: It would appear that I am waiting for my beloved, who is late.
BUCKINGHAM: For which, my dear, I apologise. My work is taking longer than I thought. That plus this wretched damp air has given me a head cold. I wouldn't keep the beautiful Madame de Chevreuse waiting for the entire kingdom. Now here, take this.
CHEVREUSE: A letter? For *her*.
BUCKINGHAM: Now, now, my dear. You know that you are still my favourite. No one could replace you. But this is necessary.
CHEVREUSE: For the cause?
BUCKINGHAM: Indeed. For the cause.
CHEVREUSE: It's always for the cause.
BUCKINGHAM: But soon this will all be over and my only cause will be you.
CHEVREUSE: And we can be together, my love, without having to hide in the shadows?
BUCKINGHAM: Of course. I shall be proud to display you on my arm. But for now, you have a task ahead of you.
CHEVREUSE: It's only for you that I do this, my Duke. But it must be the last time, do you

hear?
BUCKINGHAM: It will be, I promise.
CHEVREUSE: I must fly, then. Take care, my love.
BUCKINGHAM: And you.
(Footsteps recede.)
BUCKINGHAM: Women. The world is full of women, all of them wretched.

LOUIS: Another game?
RICHELIEU: I would, Sire, but I don't want to miss my cocoa.
LOUIS: Running away like one of your guards, Richelieu?
RICHELIEU: Must we get into this debates about the merits of our personal guards yet again? Can't we talk about the drains instead?
LOUIS: Afraid that you may have to concede that my Musketeers are the noblest breed of soldier in all of France?
RICHELIEU: A noble breed of layabouts and gigolos. How many more reports must I read of skirmishes on the streets? Twelve in the last week alone. You outlaw duelling and they ignore you.
(Door opens.)
LOUIS: Now what?
SERVANT: Your Majesty, Eminence, Musketeers Delmarre and Rouffet, and Guard Captain Morand.
RICHELIEU: Ah, messengers from the angels to prove my point.
LOUIS: Oh, very well. Have them enter.
SERVANT: Yes, your Majesty.
ROUFFET: (sotto) Stop being such a woman. It's a scratch.
DELMARRE: (sotto) Yes, yes, I know it is, you idiot.
(Door closes. Footsteps)
DELMARRE: (sotto) The surgeon tied the bandage too tight, that's all. Anyway, you were supposed to be watching my back.
ROUFFET: (sotto) I can hardly miss it with the weight you've put on.
LOUIS: Gentlemen, I hope you have a good reason to interrupt the important state business of myself and Cardinal Richelieu.
RICHELIEU: Oh please don't feel you need one.
MORAND: I thought I must come immediately to report the action of these miscreants in their unprovoked attack upon your own guards, Eminence.
ROUFFET: Unprovoked! Why, you
(Draws sword.)
DELMARRE: Rouffet!
RICHELIEU: A duel in the throne room. How delightful.
LOUIS: Sheath, gentlemen. Thank you. Would somebody please explain what's going on?
RICHELIEU: Morand?
(Morand clears his throat, steps forward and reads.)
MORAND: Whilst drinking in the Crown's Courage ale house with Guard Lieutenant Ferraud. You remember him, Eminence. I trained him with my own hands. Unswerving in his loyalty. He was like a son to me.
RICHELIEU: Spare us the tribute, Morand.
MORAND: Yes, of course. We came across Musketeers Delmarre and Rouffet engaged in activities of a sordid nature.
DELMARRE: We were having our breakfast.
MORAND: On seeing the Lieutenant and myself, they set upon us without provocation, killing Ferraud in the process. He bled to death in my arms, Eminence, struck down in the prime of his life by these thugs, his youthful energy ebbing away.
RICHELIEU: Morand, if you don't shut up, I'll have you ebbed away. Your Majesty, even you must see that these men's actions prove their guilt. It strikes me that hours away from the most important social event in the Court's calendar, an event you yourself have claimed will unite this proud nation of ours, it is sad that we, or indeed you, need protection from your own guards. These men must be punished, severely.
LOUIS: I'll be the judge of that, Cardinal. Well, what have you two got to say for yourselves?
ROUFFET: He's lying, your Majesty. They publicly attacked the honour of the Queen. We had to act to defend her.

LOUIS: There you have it. The matter is settled, Cardinal.
RICHELIEU: You're prepared to take their word without a full investigation into the incident?
LOUIS: They're my best men, Cardinal. I trust them. You should do the same. Now, don't you have some money to steal from the poor? Run along now.
RICHELIEU: As I'm sure you have an innocent stag to hunt down in the woods. Morand, attend me.
MORAND: Eminence.
(Door opens and closes.)
LOUIS: Bravo, gentlemen. Did you see the look on his face?
DELMARRE: Er, yes, Sire.
LOUIS: That'll teach him to blacken the name of my Musketeers. (laughs) For that, my friends, take a sovereign each and celebrate!
ROUFFET: Your Majesty, we couldn't.
LOUIS: I insist. Now, be off with you. I have a ball to prepare for, and I shall expect both of you to be in attendance. And Delmarre, get my personal physician to look at that wound.
DELMARRE: Thank you, Sire. Our compliments to the Queen.
(Footsteps, door opens and closes.)
LOUIS: I'll be sure to tell her when she bothers to return home.

DOCTOR: Not exactly what I had in mind. Want to talk about it, old girl? Why seventeenth century France? Oh, I see. You want our guest to stay. Hmm. If I didn't know better, I'd say Peri had put you up to this.
(Door opens.)
ERIMEM: Who are you talking to, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Er
PERI: Ah, he does it all the time.
(Door closes. Street sounds.)
PERI: It's quite sweet, really.
DOCTOR: Yes, well.
(The girls laugh.)
ERIMEM: Is this really another time?
DOCTOR: Yes. And place. Paris, 1626 to be exact. A good few centuries after your time.
ERIMEM: It's beyond anything I could have imagined.
PERI: You never get used to it. I get goosebumps every time I step out somewhere new. (deep breath) Yuck. Some places smell better than others, though.
DOCTOR: Sewage systems weren't as advanced in this period, Peri, compared to what you're used to.
ERIMEM: Is it safe to look around?
DOCTOR: You should be all right, now that you two have changed, and besides
PERI: Besides what?
DOCTOR: It would be rude not to.

ROUFFET: What a way to work up an appetite. Kill a Cardinal's guard and insult a religious leader.
DELMARRE: Huh, you've always got an appetite, Rouffet. Now, where shall we eat? Planchet's?
ROUFFET: Where else? I wonder how much wine a sovereign will buy? Delmarre, look. Isn't that Madame de Chevreuse? We've not seen her at Court for months.
DELMARRE: I hadn't noticed.
ROUFFET: You're not still pining for her? For heaven's sake, you're not the first. I doubt you'll be the last. Even Morand has seen the inside of *her* boudoir.
DELMARRE: For someone who asks so many questions, you learn very little.
ROUFFET: I
DELMARRE: Let's eat. At least when you're stuffing your face I can't hear your voice.

DOCTOR: In this period of history, France was undergoing a great deal of social upheaval. Cardinal Richelieu had a vision for uniting the cultural and
PERI: Richelieu? Wasn't he the bad guy?
DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. Quite the opposite. Alexandre Dumas has a lot to answer

for. Tiresome man. Completely ignored the notes I gave him on his first draft.
PERI: Hey, where's Erimem?
DOCTOR: Hmm. Ah, I think our friend is making some new discoveries.

ERIMEM: Amazing.
DOCTOR: What is?
(Knocking.)
ERIMEM: It's incredible. I've never seen anything like it. Why would somebody put glass where a window should be?
DOCTOR: Ah. But when is a window not a window? When it's a jar. Well, I thought it was funny.
ERIMEM: This place is like nothing I have ever seen.
DOCTOR: Come on, you two. Hungry?
PERI: I could eat a horse.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't say that too loudly around here. You may get exactly what you ask for. I thought you were vegetarian?
ERIMEM: Urgh. I'd much rather eat boar.
DOCTOR: We're in the food capital of Europe. I think we can find something a little more adventurous than what you were used to in Thebes. This way.
(Bump.)
PERI: Oh!
MAN: You're
PERI: Oh, I'm so sorry. Let me help you.
MAN: Please forgive me. (runs off) I, I didn't
PERI: Hey, come back. I was only helping
DOCTOR: They were frightened of you. How very odd.
PERI: It's weird. Since we arrived, I've had this feeling that everyone's watching me, but when I look round, they look away.
ERIMEM: I was used to that from my people. And you are very attractive, Peri.
PERI: Oh, thanks.
DOCTOR: Hmm. It's interesting, but I really wouldn't worry. Now, perhaps after lunch we should take a stroll down to the Louvre. Of course, it won't become a museum until 1793 and the King is still in residence, but it is the most beautiful building.
PERI: Doctor
DOCTOR: Did I ever tell you I was there when King Philippe Auguste laid the cornerstone to the original back in oh, must have been the twelfth century. I didn't have the heart to tell him that one day it would be desecrated with a giant glass pyramid.
ERIMEM: Pyramid?
PERI: Guys, I'm finding all this fascinating, but er, do you mind if I strike out on my own for a bit? I think you've got more than a willing pupil in Erimem.
DOCTOR: Er, I don't know. I could be dangerous.
PERI: Doctor, after everything we've been through, I think I can handle a morning stroll.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, all right. But don't go too far. We'll be just over there.
PERI: Doctor, this is Paris. What could possibly go wrong?

(In a carriage.)
RICHELIEU: Morand, I charge you with keeping peace on the streets, and all you can do is get one of your men killed. Remind me, why do I pay you?
MORAND: Eminence
RICHELIEU: No, no, don't bother. I've already got a headache. While the King continues to arrange tedious social engagements and argue with the Queen, my work will be incomplete. Something must be done.
MORAND: Your men will do whatever you command, Eminence
RICHELIEU: They'd better. The sooner we can. Wait. Driver, stop!
DRIVER [OC]: Whoa.
MORAND: Eminence? Isn't that?
RICHELIEU: I'm not blind. What is that stupid girl doing alone on the streets? Morand, take two men and follow her, then report straight back to me.
MORAND: Eminence.
(Carriage door opens.)

MORAND [OC]: You men, with me.
(Carriage door closed.)
RICHELIEU: So, my dear. Perhaps we will finally learn the truth. (bangs on roof) Drive on!

CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty. Your Majesty?
LOUIS:: Can I help?
CHEVREUSE: (gasps) Oh Majesty. Your Majesty, you startled me. My heart is racing in my bosom.
LOUIS: Hmm. So I see. My apologies, but I too am surprised to find anyone here. After all, these are the *Queen's* private gardens.
CHEVREUSE: In that case, Sire, are we both making an indiscretion?
LOUIS: I was taking some air. The palace is in chaos, what with the preparations for tonight's ball. I was just remembering what it was like when these gardens were filled with the Queen's laughter.
CHEVREUSE: She's not here?
LOUIS: I received word yesterday that her return from Lyon was to be delayed until this afternoon. Another mystery illness. I just pray for her sake that she returns before the guests arrive.
CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty, I must go. I have urgent
LOUIS: Go? So soon? I was hoping that you'd sit with me and bring some colour into my life. Why are you here, Madame de Chevreuse?
CHEVREUSE: As one of her ladies-in-waiting, your Majesty, it is not uncommon for
LOUIS: You're delivering something to her, aren't you. A gift? A letter? (laughs) I see from your face that it is a letter. From a suitor perhaps? Give it to me.
CHEVREUSE: It is for the Queen's eyes only, your Majesty.
LOUIS: Madame, I demand that you give me that letter.
CHEVREUSE: I cannot.
SERVANT: Your Majesty! (running) Your Majesty, we need you in the ballroom. The cake has arrived.
LOUIS: Not now!
CHEVREUSE: I should go. Goodbye, your Majesty.
LOUIS: No, wait. (frustrated) I'll let you go this time, but I will find out which strutting peacock is trying to make a fool of me, and then he will pay.

CHEVREUSE: Oh, disgusting creature. No wonder the Queen won't go anywhere near him. Well, my Duke, with this letter in my hand and the Queen absent, it leaves you without a fly for your web.

ERIMEM: Mmm, Doctor, this is delicious!
DOCTOR: Sometimes there's nothing quite like a sticky bun. I could do with a cup of tea, though.
ERIMEM: Tea?
DOCTOR: Oh, Erimem, you've got so much to experience and discover. I envy you.
ERIMEM: I could say the same of you and Peri.
DOCTOR: I sometimes think at my age there's nothing left to discover, but something usually turns up. Speaking of Peri, we'd better get back to her.

(Nearby water feature.)
PERI: Ah, peace and quiet at last. Wow, this place is beautiful.
BUCKINGHAM: Such beauty. Surely the most beautiful face in all France.
PERI: Are you talking to me?
BUCKINGHAM: I see nobody else.
PERI: No. Look, I think you've got the wrong girl.
BUCKINGHAM: Playful today. This is a surprising change, but not unwelcome.
PERI: Do we know each other? If you're about to try the weren't we at High School line, trust me, I know you're lying.
BUCKINGHAM: You really can be the most enchanting creature.
PERI: Now look, I don't know
MORAND [OC]: There she is! Forward!

BUCKINGHAM: Cardinal's guards.
PERI: What?
(Sword drawn.)
PERI: Hey, are you going to
BUCKINGHAM: Madame, get behind me.
PERI: Not until you explain.
BUCKINGHAM: Now!
PERI: Hey!

DOCTOR: Peri?
ERIMEM: Could she have gone back to your Tardis?
DOCTOR: Oh, I doubt it. Sensible just isn't in Peri's vocabulary. Let's try down here.
ERIMEM: Peri? Peri?

BUCKINGHAM: I warn you, gentlemen. You must come through me to get to the lady. En garde.
PERI: Hey, I can look after myself.
(Sword fight.)
BUCKINGHAM: You might take this opportunity to run, my lady.
PERI: No kidding. What about you?
BUCKINGHAM: I shall cover your
(Fabric tears. Buckingham cries out. Thud.)
BUCKINGHAM: Run. Run!
MORAND: Take her.
PERI: Hey! Get your hands off me. Get off me, you creep! Doctor!
ROUFFET: You men, what are you doing?
MORAND: Where did they come from?
PERI: Oh, get off! Help!
ROUFFET: Stop! Pistol! Down!
(Gun shot.)

ERIMEM: Doctor, all these streets look the same.
DOCTOR: Story of my lives. Where *is* she?
ERIMEM: I'm sure she'll be all right.
DOCTOR: Yes, I expect you're probably right.
PERI [OC]: Help! Doctor!
DOCTOR: On the other hand. Come on!

PERI [OC]: I'm warning you, buster. If you don't put me down, I'll
MORAND: Gag her. Now move.
(Peri makes muffled angry noises, receding. Footsteps approach.)
ERIMEM: Now where?
DOCTOR: Er, I'm not sure. Come on, Peri, give me another sign.
PERI [OC]: (muffled) Help!
DOCTOR: There. Come on!
ERIMEM: Who are those men?
DOCTOR: From the colour of their tunics, I'd say they were Cardinal's Guards. They're making for the street. If they get into crowds, we'll lose them. Ah!
ERIMEM: Doctor!
ROUFFET: Delmarre, have you no eyes?
DOCTOR: I'm dreadfully sorry. Here, let me help you.
DELMARRE: Keep your hand. I may have been wounded earlier, but I'm not an invalid.
ROUFFET: Come on, Delmarre, it's only a bruised ego.
DOCTOR: Of course I didn't mean to suggest. Look, my friend, I don't have time to waste.
DELMARRE: You think an apology is a waste? Rouffet, help me up.
ROUFFET: I thought you weren't an invalid.
DELMARRE: Help me up, you oaf.
ERIMEM: He gave you an apology.
DOCTOR: Look, we simply don't have time for this right now, so if you don't mind, we'll just be

on our way.
DELMARRE: I don't think so. Stand fast, sir.
(Draws sword.)
ERIMEM: He wants you to fight him?
DOCTOR: Er, yes.
ERIMEM: But Peri. They're getting away.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know. Gentlemen, I would love to stay and play, but I really have a pressing matter to deal with.
DELMARRE: Where's your sword?
DOCTOR: Sword? Er, sword. A sword. Metal pointy thing about so long. I don't appear to be carrying one. I once knew a Visigoth who owned one. Terribly nice chap, very misunderstood
ROUFFET: He has the demeanour of a Gascony peasant, Delmarre. They aren't known for their swordplay.
(Sword drawn.)
ROUFFET: Here, peasant. Take mine.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
ERIMEM: Doctor!
DELMARRE: Now, sir. Prepare to face the sword of Patrice Delmarre. En garde! Ha!
DOCTOR: Oh, dear.
ROUFFET: Put up your swords.
DOCTOR: Now what?
DELMARRE: Could it be?
(Cheers from a nearby crowd.)
DELMARRE: Is our lady finally returning home?
ROUFFET: Quickly, gentlemen, sheath. We cannot be seen duelling by her eyes.
DELMARRE: What eyes they are, my friend.
ERIMEM: Who are they talking about?
DOCTOR: I suddenly have a very bad feeling about this.
ERIMEM: Doctor, such a magnificent chariot can only be carrying a person of great importance.
DELMARRE: If you're a gentleman, which I doubt, you will bow your head as she passes.
DOCTOR: As who passes? I. Oh my.
ERIMEM: Doctor, in the chariot. It is Peri!
DOCTOR: No, Erimem, that's not Peri. In a carriage like that, that can only be one person. Queen Anne.

**[Part Two]**

ROUFFET: Is she still not as beautiful as ever, Delmarre?
DELMARRE: A vision. A perfect vision.
ROUFFET: The King is the luckiest man in France.
DELMARRE: Now, you Gasçon wretch (flourishes sword) prepare to defend yourself.
ROUFFET: They've gone!
DELMARRE: I have eyes. More than can be said of you. You were supposed to be watching them.
ROUFFET: Me? You were the one who insisted on challenging him to a duel just because you ended up on your backside.
DELMARRE: Come on, they can't have gone far.

ERIMEM: (breathless) We've lost them.
DOCTOR: Yes. Unfortunately, we've also lost Peri.
ERIMEM: Why would anyone take Peri?
DOCTOR: They haven't. They've taken Queen Anne, or rather, they think they have.
ERIMEM: They *think* they have. What you're saying is that Peri bears a passing resemblance to
DOCTOR: More than a passing resemblance.
ERIMEM: More than a passing resemblance to this Queen Anne.
DOCTOR: Yes. Frustrating, isn't it?
ERIMEM: I do not believe in that much coincidence.

DOCTOR: Oh, the universe is full of coincidence. Keeps everything ticking along nicely. Shakespeare made a career out of it. Although I'm not sure how that helps us now.
ERIMEM: We should go to the Overseer immediately.
DOCTOR: Well, you won't find any Overseers in Paris, but you're on the right lines. Come on, Doctor, think. Peri's abductors wore the uniform of the personal guard of Cardinal Richelieu. No, no, no, no, no, that can't be right. Cardinal's guards just don't go around kidnapping Queens.
ERIMEM: Should we not seek an audience with this Cardinal?
DOCTOR: Probably, but I think we'll find the heart of the problem closer to Queen Anne herself. We need to see the King. Now, I don't meet Louis until, oh, 1637. Hmm, that could complicate things.
ERIMEM: Is time travel always this confusing?
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Still, I've had a nip and tuck since then, so I'm sure he'll forget. Come on.
ERIMEM: To see the King?
DOCTOR: Yes, to see the King.
DELMARRE: Ah. Going somewhere?
DOCTOR: Monsieur Delmarre. Huh. Life's never easy, is it.

(Liquid pouring.)
LOUIS: Hmm. (sips) Excellent. Yes, truly excellent. I want this for the Earl of Normandy's table. That should keep him happy. The other guests can have the cheap stuff. Now off with you. Shoo.
SERVANT: Yes, your Majesty.
LOUIS: And if we run out this time, I'll have your head.
SERVANT: (distant) Yes, your Majesty.
(Door opens, footsteps.)
LOUIS: Well, well, well. If it isn't my dear beloved wife.
ANNE: Louis, please. I'm tired.
LOUIS: I'm just relieved you've seen fit to grace us with your presence. After all, this evening's ball is only the most important engagement of the social calendar. Why should I possibly be worried over my wife's absence?
ANNE: I'm going to lie down. I need to rest.
LOUIS: It's enough that we've barely shared a meal together over the last six month, but I will not tolerate you turning your back on me!
ANNE: If that was all I had to tolerate from you, I'd be the happiest woman alive.

(Horse travelling at speed in the streets.)
PERI: Doctor! Doctor! Help! Hey, watch where you're putting your hands.

DOCTOR: How can I convince you that I'm most terribly and sincerely sorry.
DELMARRE: By standing and fighting like a true gentleman of honour.
ERIMEM: How dare you insult the Doctor! He is the most honourable man I have ever met.
DOCTOR: Oh, thank you.
ROUFFET: Such loyalty. And spoken by a fine lady.
ERIMEM: My name is Erimemushinteperem.
DELMARRE: Hmm. And by which tongue-twisting name do you go?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm just the Doctor.
DELMARRE: Oh, good. Then you can attend to your wounds once I've finished with you. En garde.
DOCTOR: Oh please, can we stop this? Would it help if I said I have to gain an audience with the King on a matter of national security that may even threaten the life of Queen Anne?
ROUFFET: I'd say that you were more of a fool than you look. The King is preparing for the State Ball this evening and will see no one, especially a peasant like you.
DOCTOR: State Ball?
ERIMEM: Another coincidence, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I doubt it. A State Ball, you say. Then, gentlemen, it is imperative that I see the King immediately. As two noble, gallant musketeers, I'm sure you already have the favour of His Majesty a dozen times over.
DELMARRE: You are correct in that assumption. But you must take me for a fool if you think

I'm going to let you just walk straight into the throne room.
ROUFFET: You Gasçons have no idea about social etiquette, have you?
ERIMEM: Doctor, it is obvious these street ruffians are unable to help.
DOCTOR: Er
ERIMEM: I doubt that the King even knows their names.
DELMARRE: I'll have you know we were in the company of the King not half an hour ago.
ROUFFET: He gave us a sovereign. He *always* listens to us.
ERIMEM: Then prove it.
DOCTOR: Er
DELMARRE: Oh, well, that's different. Anything for a lady.
DOCTOR: Oh.

LOUIS: Anne, I haven't finished with you.
ANNE: But I have finished with *you*. Do you wonder why I didn't want to come back?
LOUIS: But we have to settle this.
ANNE: Settle what? I'm in no mood to talk, and I'm weary from my journey.
LOUIS: Oh, how very convenient. Just another excuse to go running off to your bed. Or that of your lover.
ANNE: What are you talking about?
LOUIS: That little harlot, de Chevreuse, paid me a visit today.
ANNE: How nice for you.
LOUIS: Oh, she didn't expect to see me. No, she had a letter for you. A letter, no doubt, from him.
ANNE: I have no idea
LOUIS: Don't patronise me! It was from Buckingham, wasn't it? You've seen him again, haven't you? And you're using de Chevreuse to courier your squalid little love letters.
ANNE: How could I possibly be seeing Buckingham? You banished him from France.
LOUIS: You usually find a way round my rules. You always do. You can't provide me with an heir, and yet you spread yourself around the courts of Europe. I should be rid of you.
ANNE: The Cardinal would never allow it.
LOUIS: Richelieu is not on the throne, Anne. I think that you forget who holds the real power in France.
ANNE: Oh, I don't think so.
LOUIS: Don't push me to do something that I might regret.
ANNE: Too late! We're already married.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Your Majesty, I'm terribly sorry to drop in unannounced.
(Door shuts.)
DOCTOR: We need to talk.
LOUIS: Musketeers! What is the meaning of this?
ROUFFET: Remember, Delmarre, this was your idea..

(Galloping horses in countryside.)
PERI: I am not going to tell you again. Get your filthy paws off.
(Horse stops.)
PERI: Hey, watch it. (thud) Ow! Oh! Ow, that hurt. I could have got down myself. Oh, what is this place?
JOHNSON: You'll find out soon enough.
PERI: Not if I can help it. (thump) See ya, fellas.
JOHNSON: Ow! Leave her. She won't get far.

(Horse approaching.)
PERI: Hey! You've gotta help me!
(Horse stops.)
BUCKINGHAM: My dear, this wilderness is no place for a lady of your breeding.
PERI: It's you! Oh, we've got to get away from here. Those guys from the city dragged me out here, but I managed to escape.
BUCKINGHAM: Ah, you mean those chaps over there.
PERI: Come on. We've got to go.

BUCKINGHAM: I don't think so, your Majesty.
PERI: Your Majesty? Hey, you were wounded, but I can't see
BUCKINGHAM: A necessary deception. I had to make it look convincing for the locals.
PERI: What? Who are you?
BUCKINGHAM: Don't play the innocent. About time, Johnson. Take her Majesty back to the château and her up, then get rid of those uniforms.
JOHNSON: Yes, your Grace.
PERI: Lock me up?
BUCKINGHAM: You heard me. Oh, and Anne? Much as I love your playful side, drop that ridiculous voice. It doesn't suit you.

DOCTOR: How do you do. I'm the Doctor.
LOUIS: I don't care what you are. You two, what is the meaning of this?
DELMARRE + ROUFFET: Er, well, Sire, I, it's like this.
ANNE: Louis, who are these people?
DOCTOR: Great heavens. Quite, quite remarkable.
ANNE: You flatter me.
LOUIS: Whoever you are, I'd ask you to refrain from staring at my wife. Now, I asked you two a question.
ERIMEM: Your Majesty. It is such an honour to see you again.
LOUIS: Oh! Er, is it?
DOCTOR: Yes, is it?
ERIMEM: Surely you haven't forgotten me already? I am the Princess Erimem of Karnak. I was much younger when I first visited your kingdom with my father, but your hospitality has long been remembered.
LOUIS: (laughs) Well, of course I, er, remember you. Who could forget such a striking and regal countenance?
ANNE: Who indeed?
ERIMEM: You honour me, your Majesty. And the invitation to your Ball honours me further.
DOCTOR: (sotto) We don't actually have an invitation.)
ERIMEM: (sotto) Have faith.
LOUIS: Ah, yes. Of course. (snaps fingers.) You there, footman.
FOOTMAN: Yes, your Majesty?
LOUIS: Quick, check the seating plan. If she's not on it, put her on it, and be quick about it.
FOOTMAN: Yes, your Majesty.
(Runs off.)
LOUIS: And to what do we owe the pleasure of your company before this evening's festivities?
DOCTOR: Your Majesty, I
ERIMEM: We have come to you on a matter of great urgency. May I present the Doctor, my Royal Vizier and chief advisor.
LOUIS: Dressed like that? I thought he was your jester.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Charming. Better than peasant, I suppose. (normal) Ahem. Your Majesties, I have reason to believe that the life of Queen Anne may be in great danger.
ANNE: As you can see, I stand before you. Where is this danger you speak of?
DOCTOR: You see, our friend
ERIMEM: My handmaiden, Perpugilliam, was attacked on the streets of your city and abducted. We came straight to *you*, your Majesty, as the only person in France who could help us.
DOCTOR: Oh, very good.
LOUIS: Abducted? A serious crime indeed.
ANNE: But how does that place *my* life in danger?
DOCTOR: Ah, yes, I was afraid you were going to ask that. This might be a little hard to believe, but the er Princess's handmaiden bears quite a striking resemblance to your Majesty.
ANNE: To me?
DOCTOR: Yes, it really is quite startling. Two peas in a pod, in fact. I believe the men who abducted Peri mistook her for yourself.
LOUIS: Then we must find these men at once.
DOCTOR: That's the other thing.
ERIMEM: The men wore the uniform of the Cardinal's guards.
LOUIS: What! Has Richelieu gone mad?

DOCTOR: I'm not entirely convinced as to the credentials of these men. Something in their manner, the way they moved, I just can't put my finger on it.
ERIMEM: I beg of you, your Majesty. You are our last hope of seeing my handmaiden alive.
LOUIS: Well, since you put it like that. Delmarre? Rouffet? You will go to the Cardinal's palace and escort him here immediately.
(Door opens.)
RICHELIEU: Do not trouble yourselves, Musketeers.
(Door closes.)
RICHELIEU: I am already here.

(Footsteps.)
PERI: I don't understand why you're doing this. I've never even met you before.
BUCKINGHAM: You certainly remembered my name the last time we were together. Always the same with women, they never respect you in the morning.
PERI: Now I know you're confusing me with somebody else. Trust me, you're not my type.
(Door unlocked.)
BUCKINGHAM: We'll soon knock that sense of humour out of you. It's not your boudoir back at the palace, but I'm sure you can tart the place up with those cushions.
PERI: Wait, you're making a mistake, I'm not
(Door closed and locked.)

RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, I had to come here immediately after I received a somewhat distressing report from Captain Morand. I fear the Queen may be in mortal danger.
ANNE: Everyone but my husband seems to be concerned for my safety today. I am simply overwhelmed.
RICHELIEU: But I see she stands before me, and looking more beautiful than ever, whilst I stand here looking like a fool. Why is that, do you think, Morand?
MORAND: Eminence, I did see them.
DOCTOR: See who?
RICHELIEU: Ah, you have a new jester, your Majesty.
DOCTOR: Oh please, we don't have time for this. I'm the Doctor, and this is er, Princess Erimem. So glad we sorted that out. Captain Morand, was it? You said you saw
MORAND: We disturbed a group of men who on first sight would appear to be Cardinal's guards. They were abducting the Queen. It was you, your Majesty, I swear.
DOCTOR: And these other guards?
MORAND: I know the face of every man who serves under his Eminence. These were not Cardinal's guards.
RICHELIEU: Your story would seem to bear weight, jester. Morand has omitted one, I fear vital, piece of information.
DOCTOR: Such as?
RICHELIEU: The Queen, or whoever the lady might be, was in the company of the Duke of Buckingham.
LOUIS: Buckingham! I knew it! You lied to me, Anne. You *have* seen him.
ANNE: If I didn't know he was in Paris, how could I possibly have seen him?
MORAND: The Duke was wounded, but he disappeared before we could recover our wits. He was seen to be defending the lady from her attackers.
ERIMEM: Who's the Duke of Buckingham?
DOCTOR: George Villiers, English Prime Minister. Had a thing for the Queen, by all accounts.
RICHELIEU: And now I have Musketeers practically breaking down the door of my palace. The noise put me off my lunch. On the way here, we passed at least five duels in the streets between our guards. Your Musketeers are after blood, Majesty.
DOCTOR: My, my. Word gets around quickly, doesn't it? Hmm, a little too quickly, come to think of it. Interesting.
LOUIS: My Musketeers are defending the honour of their Queen. Would you have them do less, Cardinal?
DOCTOR: Please, this will get us nowhere.
LOUIS: You dare to address me in this manner? Princess Erimem, I ask you keep your jester under control.
ANNE: The Doctor is the only one talking sense.
ERIMEM: We must find my handmaiden.

DOCTOR: That's the only way we'll find out who's behind this. Somebody has gone to great lengths to stage-manage this kidnap, only Peri has been caught in the middle of it and not the Queen. I don't believe it's coincidence that this happened on the morning of your State Ball.
LOUIS: Oh, very well. Delmarre, Rouffet, let the Princess Erimem have any assistance you can give. I want this mess sorted out before the Ball. We cannot afford any affray tonight.
DELMARRE: You can rely on us, your Majesty.
RICHELIEU: Well, there's a first time for everything, I suppose.
ERIMEM: Thank you, your Majesty.
DOCTOR: We need information. The kidnappers weren't being what you'd call discreet. Somebody must have seen something.
DELMARRE: The word on the street?
DOCTOR: Exactly.
DELMARRE: Then we know the perfect chap. Somebody who sees everything.

(Church bells ringing, street sounds.)
MAURICE: Alms for a blind man. Alms for a blind man. Alms for a blind man.
ERIMEM: Do you really think this beggar can help us?
DELMARRE: If anyone knows what's happening on the streets it's Blind Maurice. He has eyes and ears everywhere.
ROUFFET: He used to be called Lame Maurice.
ERIMEM: The poor man. What happened?
ROUFFET: The bottom fell out of the market.
DOCTOR: How very entrepreneurial.
MAURICE: Alms for a blind man. Alms for a
DELMARRE: Hello Maurice.
MAURICE: Oh! Oh, you shouldn't creep up on a blind man like that. Nearly gave me an 'eart attack.
ROUFFET: Working on your act again?
MAURICE: Monsieur Rouffet, is that you, sir? Oh, it's good to hear your voice. Got any loose change weighing down your purse?
ROUFFET: That depends. We need information
MAURICE: I've always got information for the right price, as well you know.
ROUFFET: Hmm. Let me introduce you to Princess Erimmm Erim
ERIMEM: Just Erimem will do.
MAURICE: Oh, what a beautiful voice, belonging to a beautiful lady I'll wager.
DELMARRE: Cut the banter, Maurice. We're not punters.
MAURICE: Oh, it's not like the old days. Nobody wants the trimmings any more.
DOCTOR: Hello, Maurice. I'm the Doctor. We need your help.
MAURICE: Monsieur Delmarre knows my rates. Fifteen percent discount for first time customer.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sure there's no need for that. Now, let's see. Er, a tiddlywink. No. Lifetime membership of the MCC? Ah, it's only a little bag of gold dust but
MAURICE: Gold, you say?
DOCTOR: Yes. Now if you could tell us anything about the abduction of Queen Anne.
MAURICE: Oh, a terrible business. Everybody's talking about it. Cardinal's guards, I heard. Made a right racket when they left the city.
ERIMEM: Do you know where they took her?
MAURICE: Oh, the old memory's not as good as it was.
(Sword drawn.)
DELMARRE: Unless you want to be known as Headless Maurice
MAURICE: I heard say she's been taken to Château de Brou.
ROUFFET: That old ruin?
ERIMEM: You know of this place?
ROUFFET: Mmm. Been abandoned for years. It's a good couple of miles upon a hill outside the city. We'll need horses.
ERIMEM: What are we waiting for?
DOCTOR: We are waiting for nothing, but you're going back to the palace.
ERIMEM: I want to come with *you*. Peri could be
DOCTOR: Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. Would you excuse us for a moment?
(Footsteps.)

ERIMEM: Doctor, you have seen me in battle. I cannot
DOCTOR: I know you can take care of yourself, but I need you back at the palace. Whoever's behind this is going to figure out sooner or later that they've got the wrong girl. Keep your eyes open. Besides, what kind of Royal Vizier lets his Princess head straight into mortal danger?
ERIMEM: Very well.
DOCTOR: Good girl. Go with the guards, and I'll join you when we've found Peri. I promise. Delmarre, Rouffet, let's go. Maurice, we are in your debt.
DELMARRE: And Maurice, if this information is wrong, I'll make sure that people would rather touch a leper than come anywhere near *you*.
(Footsteps recede.)
MAURICE: Alms for a blind man. Alms. Leprosy? Now there's a growth market. Alms for a leper. Alms for a leper?

(Scratching of quill on paper.)
BUCKINGHAM: The preparations are complete. The Queen is in my hands. Hmm, now there's a pleasant thought. The men make ready, their training of the last month complete. The hour is almost upon us. Time for this nation to fall under the sh
(Knocking on door.)
BUCKINGHAM: Enter!
(Door opens.)
JOHNSON: Your Grace, an urgent message from Madame de Chevreuse.
(Paper rustles.)
BUCKINGHAM: My darling Duke. I write with the gravest urgency.
BUCKINGHAM + CHEVREUSE: I was unable to warn you earlier of this folly.
CHEVREUSE [OC]: The Queen only returned from her country residence this last hour. The girl you have is an imposter, the handmaiden of a Princess Erimem, newly arrived in Paris. She is not the Queen. I will remain in Paris and keep a close eye on the Queen, but I fear agents of the King may already seek to act against you. Take care, my Duke. I await our reunion in Paris with eager anticipation. Yours forever, Marie.
BUCKINGHAM: Nobody plays me for a fool.

PERI: Oh, rusted shut. Great. Then again, the window might be rusted but the glass isn't. Ha, ha. Whoever you are, I don't like your taste in interior decorating, but this cushion thing could be just what the doctor ordered.

(Galloping horses come to a halt.)
DOCTOR: Very impressive. I thought you said it was abandoned?
DELMARRE: It was.
DOCTOR: Well, there's certainly nothing abandoned about the place now. It's positively bursting with activity.
DELMARRE: This could be more difficult. We are, after all, only three.
DOCTOR: Oh, come on. I thought you Musketeers were renowned for your adventuring spirit.
ROUFFET: Oh, that's something I usually find in a bottle.
DOCTOR: Well, softly softly catchee Peri, eh? Shall we make a discreet house call?

(Footsteps.)
BUCKINGHAM: Open the door.
JOHNSON: Yes, your Grace.
(Door unlocked and opened.)
BUCKINGHAM: You had me fooled. Guards! You were suppose to be watching her. Get outside and find her.
JOHNSON: Yes. your Grace.

(Birds. Lands on ground.)
PERI: Now, which way is Paris?
(Running.)

ANNE: Why? Why does he continue to do this? Is it not enough I ended the affair with Buckingham months ago? Must he continue to punish me?

CHEVREUSE: The King is a jealous man, your Majesty. After all, you could have the pick of any man in France or abroad. Did you see the way he looked at Princess Erimem?
ANNE: She's barely a girl. Huh. Doubtless possesses more taste than to give him a second look. I should leave both the King and the Cardinal to their childish games and return to Spain.
CHEVREUSE: You underestimate the power you have, your Majesty. If the King were removed, Richelieu would simply fall at your feet. Whether it's with a knife in his back would be your choice.
ANNE: Marie, we are so alike, yet think so differently.
(Knock on door.)
ANNE: Enter!
(Door opens and closes.)
ERIMEM: Your Majesty, you asked to see me?
ANNE: Princess Erimem, come and sit with me. I would talk with you a while.
CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty, I must prepare your dress for this evening.
ANNE: Very well, Marie.
CHEVREUSE: Princess, Majesty.
(Footsteps recede.)
ANNE: Are your quarters to your liking.?
(Door opens and closes.)
ERIMEM: I have rarely seen such comfort.
ANNE: Tell me, is your home very different to Paris?
ERIMEM: Paris is like nothing I have experienced before. Home feels so far away, but yet so close, thanks to the Doctor and Peri.
ANNE: He intrigues me, this Doctor.
ERIMEM: He intrigues everyone. There is no one bar my Captain of the Guard who I would trust with my life more than the Doctor.
ANNE: You are lucky. My life here has taught me to trust no one.
ERIMEM: But you're surrounded by people. Your handmaiden
ANNE: My handmaiden? (laughs) You mean Madame de Chevreuse? There are days when I believe she only serves me to get her pick of courtiers and foreign ambassadors. She chases her ambitions through the bedrooms of Paris.
ERIMEM: Then why do you keep her in your service?
ANNE: It is best to keep those who can do you most harm close by. And I know everything that is said in my husband's court, thanks to her dalliances. But the only person I trust less is the Cardinal himself.
ERIMEM: The Cardinal? But he is a disciple of your god. Surely he is honourable?
ANNE: Oh, your naiveté is touching. But you should be careful, or others will take advantage. Priests are the most devious of all.
ERIMEM: Perhaps our worlds are not as far apart as I first imagined. Do you believe that the Cardinal could be involved in Peri's kidnapping?
ANNE: Believe it? I'd wager the Crown Jewels upon it. Richelieu is a viper in holy man's robes.
ERIMEM: Perhaps the Doctor is wrong. Should we not be watching the Cardinal?
ANNE: Leave the boys to their little games. Come, I must at least make an appearance during the preparations for this evening. If I don't, I fear Louis may explode.

DOCTOR: Quietly does it.
DELMARRE: There's something not quite right about this. Who *are* these rogues?
DOCTOR: First things first. We must work out where they're keeping Peri. If she's true to form, there'll be a cell, a locked door, maybe torture, screams. And that's just her captors.
DELMARRE: (chuckles) She sounds feisty and no mistake.
DOCTOR: Yes. And young enough to be your daughter. This way. Wait, back.
JOHNSON: Oi, you. What are you doing here?
DOCTOR: Me? Oh, just taking the air. Sorry, is this private property?
JOHNSON: Trespassers are not welcome. Come on.
DOCTOR: All right, yes, no need to push. (voice recedes) Good thing I didn't let my friends come with me. They'd be upset at this treatment. You're not French, are you. Ow! That hurt.
DELMARRE: I don't like this.
ROUFFET: Well said.
DELMARRE: Of course, I like a challenge.
ROUFFET: Recovering the Doctor and his lady, that *would* be a challenge.

DELMARRE: There's too many of them to fight.
ROUFFET: Retreat is the better part of valour, I always find.
DELMARRE: A noble sentiment, my friend. But it would not do our reputations good to go too far. Watch where they take the Doctor and maybe we can mount two rescues.
ROUFFET: Oh, that's brave. Foolish, perhaps, but brave.
DELMARRE: And maybe the King will reward us again. I like his money.
ROUFFET: And he did charge us with mounting a rescue.
DELMARRE: Then we're agreed. We wait.
ROUFFET: For a while.
DELMARRE: Yes, a decent while.

(Door opens.)
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, we have to do something.
(Door closes.)
LOUIS: Do, Cardinal? Do what?
RICHELIEU: If you were paying more attention to affairs of state rather than taste testing escargots, you'd be aware that anarchy reigns on the streets. The thugs in your employ continue to believe the rumours that I gave orders for the Queen to be abducted.
LOUIS: They are far from rumours, your Eminence. To all intents and purposes a retinue of *your* guards *did* abduct the Queen. We only have the word of Princess Erimem and the Doctor to the contrary.
(Door opens.)
ANNE: The fact I stand before you, free from harm, is obviously not enough for you.
ERIMEM: And, Cardinal, you can believe me when I say that the Doctor is the most honest man I have ever met.
RICHELIEU: If you give me six lines written by the most honest man, I can still find something in them to hang him. But your point is taken, your Highness.
ANNE: Is no one here worried that someone was trying to kidnap me in the first place?
LOUIS: (sotto) Be flattered that somebody wanted to spend time with you at all.
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, please do not address the Queen in such a manner.
ANNE: I can fight my own battles, thank you, Cardinal.
LOUIS: Do you not have some incense to throw around, Richelieu? Or perhaps you're here to ogle my wife, as usual.
ANNE: I'm sure the Princess Erimem feels the same about you, Louis.
ERIMEM: It would not be my place
ANNE: Oh, you're far too polite, Princess.
RICHELIEU: I'm here to get you to see sense, and issue orders to your men to cease this senseless brawling immediately.
LOUIS: You overstep yourself, sir.
RICHELIEU: I think not. Two years ago you charged me as your Prime Minister to aid you in bringing this great country together. With God as my witness, I have strived to do your bidding. A unified France. Your dream is now my dream, given blessing by the Almighty himself. Your increasingly childish antics and refusal to act now threaten to undo our work.
LOUIS: (sarcastic) Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that. What should I care if a few hotheads are getting carried away?
RICHELIEU: Our men are tearing each other to shreds! (sigh) I should not be wasting my time with this. I work for a higher purpose, as well you know.
LOUIS: No, Cardinal! You work for me! Do not forget that! Tonight, my Ball will bring together every French aristocrat in one room. Tonight we shall see France unified in my name. Not yours, not the Church's, not even the Pontiff's, mine! Do you hear me, Richelieu?
RICHELIEU: All too well, your Majesty. All too well.

DOCTOR: There's really no need for all this! I'm just a humble
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Well, all right, peasant.
BUCKINGHAM: Shut up.
DOCTOR: You're not from around here, are you? From across the Channel, I imagine. On a holiday, are you?
BUCKINGHAM: You might say that. Then again, you might say we're on more of a Crusade.
DOCTOR: How do you do. I'm the Doctor. I'm

BUCKINGHAM: Working for the King. I know.
DOCTOR: Look, I think there's been some terrible mistake. I was just out walking
BUCKINGHAM: With two of the King's Musketeers. Yes, we saw you ride up. Louis surrounds himself with ill-trained dogs these days. Your friends won't elude me for long. In the meantime, you are going to tell me what I want to know.
DOCTOR: Am I?
(Sword drawn.)
DOCTOR: Ah. I see.

RICHELIEU: Foolish boy. Back to my palace immediately. Don't stop for anything or any one.
(Whip, carriage drives off.)
ERIMEM: So, Cardinal, if no one else is going to keep an eye on you, then by Ra, I will.
(Horse canters off.)

PERI: Oh, face it, Peri. You have no idea where you are. And you wanted to backpack round the world. Some hope. Maybe I should tell these guys about cabs,
(Horse whinnies.)
PERI: Hey, Hey, what's that? If ever there was a time I wished I'd taken those riding lessons, this is it. Here, boy. Come on, then. I don't suppose you have an autopilot? Hey, hey, what is it? Oh, don't give me away.
DELMARRE: We've lost him.
ROUFFET: No thanks to you. You were the one who wanted to stay and fight.
DELMARRE: It's too late for that. We came out here to rescue one caged bird, now we've got two on our hands.
ROUFFET: Now what?
DELMARRE: I doubt the King will be throwing any more sovereigns our way if we turn up without the Doctor, let alone Lady Peri.
PERI: Er, did you guys say the Doctor?

BUCKINGHAM: I see that contemptible fool Louis is getting his jester to do his dirty work now.
DOCTOR: That wasn't funny the first time. The Duke of Buckingham, I presume?
BUCKINGHAM: You know me?
DOCTOR: No, but I knew your grandfather. Am I to assume you're not in France on a diplomatic visit?
BUCKINGHAM: We should have to know each other much better than that before I answer, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Doctor.
BUCKINGHAM: And we are going to get to know each other much, much better, Doctor.

MORAND: I want the Cardinal's retinue for tonight ready for inspection by his Eminence in twenty minutes.
RICHELIEU: I think we can dispense with that, Morand.
MORAND: Your Eminence. I was not expecting your return.
RICHELIEU: The King has lost what little remained of his senses. Have every guard armed with pistols, muskets and swords. We must be ready to strike the spies in our ranks.
ERIMEM: Let me go!
RICHELIEU: I think not.
MORAND: Princess Erimem.
RICHELIEU: Welcome to my palace, your Highness, if indeed you hold a claim to that title. Really, if you wanted to drop by for drinks you only had to ask. Now, who are you?
ERIMEM: Will you please release my arm!
RICHELIEU: Oh, but I insist that you come inside. At least we can be comfortable whilst you explain why you were spying on me. Morand, the door, if you please.
MORAND: Yes, your Eminence.
ERIMEM: Spying? How dare you! Let me go!
RICHELIEU: You are in no position to make demands, your Highness. I could have you executed for this.
MORAND: (distant) One moment, your Eminence! The door appears to be stuck.
RICHELIEU: Put your back into it, man.

MORAND: (distant) There's definitely something blocking the
(Boom! Erimem screams.)

**[Part Three]**

(Hubbub, coughing, moving of broken pieces of wood.)
ERIMEM: I have never heard (cough) Cardinal? Cardinal, can you hear me?
RICHELIEU: My ears are ringing like the bells of Notre Dame, but I'm not deaf.
ERIMEM: You are lucky to be alive. What *was* that?
RICHELIEU: Explosives. One of us has not been so lucky, though.
ERIMEM: Your Captain.
RICHELIEU: Morand, dead. He was an idiot, but he was my idiot. I promise you this, Morand. I will avenge you. I will bring those behind this to justice.
ERIMEM: I am sorry. Who could have done such a thing?
RICHELIEU: Isn't it obvious? Musketeers after revenge. They continue to believe the ludicrous notion that I would harm the Queen. A fatal error of judgement.
ERIMEM: You have no evidence to support that, Cardinal.
RICHELIEU: What more evidence do I need, your Highness? This attack reeks of those disreputable dogs.
ERIMEM: Cardinal, I have seen much bloodshed in my life, but I know that to act rashly can blacken the honour of the departed spirits. Think of Captain Morand.
RICHELIEU: Act rashly? Oh, you do not know me, Princess. One thing I do know is this. For the unity between the Church and the Crown to survive this night, the madness must stop!

PERI: Let me get this straight. I'm an exact double of your Queen, which got me kidnapped instead of her, and you came here with the Doctor to rescue me?
DELMARRE: An excellent summation of the situation, my lady.
ROUFFET: The resemblance is quite breathtaking.
PERI: (sighs) Sounds like just another day. Where's Erimem?
ROUFFET: Princess Erimem remained at the palace.
PERI: *Princess* Erimem? Doctor, what have you two been up to? Well, come on. Let's go.
DELMARRE: Go? Where, my lady?
PERI: To get the Doctor, of course.
ROUFFET: You mean back down there?
PERI: That's where he is. You don't mean you were just going to leave him there?
ROUFFET: Well
DELMARRE: Er
PERI: Oh, I'll go myself then. Goodbye.
(Footsteps recede.)
ROUFFET: You know that personal motto of yours, what is it again? Anything for a lady.
DELMARRE: Ah yes. Never let me down yet.
ROUFFET: You need a new one. My lady, wait!

BUCKINGHAM: I will not ask you again. Who do you work for?
DOCTOR: I'm what you'd call self-employed.
BUCKINGHAM: Play with me, Doctor, and I will break you.
DOCTOR: I don't doubt it.
BUCKINGHAM: You knew exactly where to find us. That level of intelligence means one thing.
DOCTOR: An incredible streak of good fortune.
BUCKINGHAM: You are a spy, Doctor. An agent of a foreign power, no doubt planning an invasion of England.
DOCTOR: That would require a rather drastic career change. I usually stop those.
BUCKINGHAM: Who is it, Doctor? The Germans, the Italians?
DOCTOR: It seems you've already convinced yourself.
BUCKINGHAM: The Spanish.
DOCTOR: This is pointless. Your plan has failed. The Queen is safe and the Musketeers have discovered your not so secret hideout. Maybe it's time you tucked tail between your legs and headed home. Won't King Charles be missing his favourite by now? Ow!
BUCKINGHAM: You know nothing.

DOCTOR: It's game over, your Grace. That's all this is, isn't it? A game.
BUCKINGHAM: It's much more than a game, Doctor. I've got more plans for those witless fools in Paris.

(Carriage ride.)
ERIMEM: Cardinal, what are you going to do?
RICHELIEU: Why should a spy be party to my intentions?
ERIMEM: Why would a Cardinal remain in the company of a spy?
RICHELIEU: (laughs) Very shrewd, Princess. No, I do not believe you are a spy. You are something much more. Of divine origins, perhaps. But whatever, I think you act with honourable intentions.
ERIMEM: Thank you. Why is the King being so foolish?
RICHELIEU: The King is many things, but he's no fool. He is little more than a child, kept in his mother's shadow for so many years. He's intelligent, with great vision for his country. But the delightful Catherine kept her apron strings tight when she ruled as Regent. Only Louis could have his own mother exiled.
(*Historical note - Louis XIII's mother was Marie de'Medici. Catherine Henriette de Balzac d'Entragues was Henry IV's mistress. Louis XIII became King aged 8 and Marie was Regent until he came of age.*)
ERIMEM: Exiled?
RICHELIEU: Yes. When it comes to affairs of the heart, the King is an imbecile. A mother banished, a beautiful wife who brings shame on his Royal Court, and now his arrogance and jealousy threaten everything. Today he will willingly let foolish pride bring death to France. My France.
ERIMEM: We are all ruled by our hearts, Cardinal. To ignore passion
RICHELIEU: Do you see these robes, Princess? These are my only passion. Today they have become tainted, stained with the blood of my men. Holy blood.
(Bang! The carriage stops.)
ERIMEM: What was that?
RICHELIEU: (opens door) You men, stand aside. (closes door) Idiots. They will have killed each other by dawn at this rate. (bangs on roof) Drive through! Run them down if you have to!

DOCTOR: Look, I'm not usually the complaining sort, but you haven't even offered me a cup of tea.
BUCKINGHAM: Tea?
DOCTOR: Oh, of course. Not a good vintage for tea, 1626.
BUCKINGHAM: Doctor, as a man of breeding, I do appreciate the need for social graces, but I do not have the time for this. Who are you acting for?
DOCTOR: No one.
BUCKINGHAM: You try my patience, Doctor. Before I leave this room, you will tell me who you work for, details of troop numbers, deployment, armaments and when your fleet will set sail for England.
DOCTOR: I've told you, and I keep telling you, I don't have any troops. I don't have any armaments, and I certainly don't have a fleet. I leave that sort of thing to paranoid megalomaniacs. They're so much better at it.
BUCKINGHAM: Look around you, Doctor. The previous owner of this château had bloodthirsty tastes. I found this room exactly as you see it now. The finest implements the world has to offer for inflicting pain.
DOCTOR: Very impressive.
BUCKINGHAM: When I leave here, you will have told me everything I want to know. Whether you're alive is entirely up to you.

PERI: What do you think?
DELMARRE: I think they'll be guarding every approach after the racket we made last time.
ROUFFET: There are rather a lot of them. Perhaps we should return to Paris for reinforcements.
DELMARRE: Via the ale house, knowing you.
PERI: No way. We're not leaving without the Doctor. He'd do the same for you. These guys look like they're gearing up for something, but they can't be watching everywhere. There must

be some way we can sneak in.
(Footsteps.)
PERI: Guards. Down.
DELMARRE: (sotto) There are three of them.
ROUFFET: (sotto) And three of us.
PERI: (sotto) You're not thinking what I think you're thinking?
ROUFFET: (sotto) My lady, wait here. Delmarre.
DELMARRE: After you.
(Rustle of foliage, quick steps, thuds. Peri gasps with the blows.)
PERI: Ow. That had to hurt.

LOUIS: For the last time. I don't care if the musicians have been struck down with the plague! They will play. There's a little law that we have in this country. What the King wants, the King gets. Now go and pull those miserable performers from whatever bed they've tumbled into and get them here!
SERVANT: Yes, your Majesty.
LOUIS: Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse.
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, we must talk.
LOUIS: Cardinal, whatever's happened to you?
(Door closes.)
RICHELIEU: Did you give the order?
LOUIS: What are you talking about?
RICHELIEU: Did you give the order?
LOUIS: Give the order for what?
ERIMEM: There was an explosion at the Cardinal's palace. Many are dead, including Captain Morand.
LOUIS: Morand? I don't understand.
RICHELIEU: I understand perfectly. Your Musketeers have picked the wrong duel.
LOUIS: Is that a threat?
RICHELIEU: I haven't even started yet.
LOUIS: Oh, my God. It really is, isn't it. Cardinal, do you actually believe that my Musketeers would do something this idiotic? Where's your proof?
ERIMEM: We have none, but the Cardinal believes
LOUIS: The Cardinal can believe what he likes, but my men would not commit an act this cowardly.
RICHELIEU: I will not stand here and take part in an endless debate while my men are being prepared for burial. The streets of Paris are in chaos. Fights are breaking out on every corner.
ERIMEM: The journey here was almost impossible.
RICHELIEU: And your men are at the centre of it.
LOUIS: And what of those they raise their swords against? Have you looked at the colour of their tunics, Cardinal?
RICHELIEU: My guards are defending themselves against dangerous men. And now some have paid the dearest price.
LOUIS: Choose your next words carefully, Cardinal.
RICHELIEU: Murder has been committed, your Majesty.
LOUIS: And what can I do about that now?
RICHELIEU: You're the King! Have your men arrested! (calmer) Call off the Ball. You cannot afford for the dignitaries of France to arrive in a capital torn apart by anarchy. We must act swiftly.
LOUIS: We will do no such thing, Cardinal. The Ball is only a few hours away. The Queen is preparing herself, at last, and so must I. The streets will be calm and this nonsense forgotten. Now I suggest you go and tidy yourself up. Princess Erimem, I will have one of my wife's servants dress you and tend those scratches.
ERIMEM: Your Majesty, you must do something.
LOUIS: Oh, I shall, Princess. I'm going to get changed. You should do the same. Oh, and Richelieu? Those work robes of yours are filthy. (laughs) Have a bath and clean yourself up, there's a good chap.

DOCTOR: Ow! That's a bit tight.
BUCKINGHAM: Having your hands tied behind your back is the least of your worries. This is

the strappado, Doctor. A device perfected by the Spanish Inquisition.
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
BUCKINGHAM: The victim. Oh, that's you, by the way, with his hands tied, is hoisted up by his wrists, like so.
(Cogs turn, the Doctor cries out.)
DOCTOR: I have nothing to tell you, Buckingham.
BUCKINGHAM: Who are you working for?
DOCTOR: Nobody.
BUCKINGHAM: Wrong answer, Doctor. All I have to do now is release this brake.
DOCTOR: Please.
BUCKINGHAM: To bring you crashing back to earth.
(Thud.)
DOCTOR: Argh! Buckingham, this is madness.
BUCKINGHAM: Do you know what it feels like to have your arms ripped from their sockets?
(Cogs turn again.)

(Soldiers being drilled.)
PERI: I feel ridiculous. Look, it doesn't even fit me.
ROUFFET: A vision of loveliness. But these uniforms should fool anyone long enough for us to find the Doctor.
DELMARRE: Follow our lead.
(Footsteps.)
PERI: I can't remember where they brought me in. The Doctor could be anywhere.
DELMARRE: It looks as if they're preparing to leave.
ROUFFET: To go where?
PERI: Let's find the Doctor and worry about that later.

(The Doctor has been hoisted and dropped again.)
BUCKINGHAM: All you had to do was tell me what I wanted to know, but you chose to be noble. I'm surprised you lasted this long, though.
DOCTOR: Please
BUCKINGHAM: I don't think there's any point in continuing with our discussion. You didn't tell me what I wanted to know, but I don't think you'll be telling anyone else. In fact, I don't think you'll be telling anyone anything ever again.
(The Doctor cries out, the door opens.)
BUCKINGHAM: Goodbye, Doctor.
(Door closes.)

PERI: Slow down.
DELMARRE: What in God's name is this? Just how many men are in this castle?
PERI: Too many for you to take on, before you get any ideas.
ROUFFET: Delmarre, watch them. These are no gardeners and servants. These men know how to handle a sword.
PERI: Come on.
DELMARRE: Wait. Look.
PERI: Buckingham.
ROUFFET: The scoundrel.
PERI: I'm betting that wherever he's come from is where we'll find the Doctor.
DELMARRE: He's gone.
PERI: Let's go.
MAN: You there.
ROUFFET: (sotto) Keep walking.
MAN: Yes, you. Turn and stand to attention when I'm talking to you.
DELMARRE: (sotto) My lady, make for the door. We'll deal with this miscreant. Find the Doctor.
PERI: See you later.
MAN: Why aren't you with your regiment?

ROUFFET: Do you want to explain, or shall I?
DELMARRE: Oh, after you.

DOCTOR: I thought he'd never go. It's at times like this I wish I'd listened to Houdini.
(Door opens.)
PERI: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Peri!
PERI: Oh! Oh, Doctor, what have they done to you?
DOCTOR: Get something to cut these ropes. There should be plenty of sharp implements.
PERI: Oh, that Buckingham guy's a real psycho.
DOCTOR: I want to find out what he's up to.
(Ropes cut. Thud.)
DOCTOR: Oh! I like your boots.
PERI: Oh, this place is horrible.
DOCTOR: I've had much worse accommodation. But the room service is appalling. Thank you, Peri. I think I rather like being rescued. Would you help me up?

(Shouting and sword fights in the distance.)
RICHELIEU: Do you hear that, your Majesty? Our own guards fighting each other like common street urchins.
ANNE: It'll blow over, Cardinal. These things do.
RICHELIEU: Not this time. I believe we have reached a crossroads.
CHEVREUSE: The Church always has a habit of overreacting, your Majesty.
ANNE: True, Marie, true.
RICHELIEU: I don't recall inviting a lady in waiting to join this discussion, Madame de Chevreuse.
ANNE: What would you have me do, stand in the middle of the street and shout stop?
RICHELIEU: The Musketeers are more likely to listen to you than they are your husband.
CHEVREUSE: Even the Queen doesn't listen to her husband.
RICHELIEU: Talk to the King. Make him see sense.
ANNE: He hates me, Cardinal. Louis has been consumed with jealousy ever since my affair with Buckingham.
RICHELIEU: Which I recall Madame de Chevreuse encouraged you to pursue.
CHEVREUSE: I only have the Queen's best interests at heart, your Eminence.
RICHELIEU: Yes, of course you do.
ANNE: Marie, go and attend to the Princess Erimem. The Cardinal's moustache is twitching.
CHEVREUSE: Yes, your Majesty.
(Footsteps recede, door opens and closes.)
RICHELIEU: Talk to him, Anne.
ANNE: I can't provide my husband with an heir. I'm worthless to him. He would be rid of me if he could. Why would he possibly listen to me?
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, please, for the sake of France.
ANNE: For the sake of France? (laughs) Cardinal, I wouldn't spend any more time with that man than I have to for the sake of the whole world.

(Knock on door.)
ERIMEM: Come in.
(Door opens.)
CHEVREUSE: Princess Erimem, the Queen asked me to come and help you dress personally.
(Door closes.)
ERIMEM: Oh.
CHEVREUSE: I believe this gown is perfect for you.
ERIMEM: I have no time to change. I have to get word to the Doctor. Things are getting out of hand. The King must listen to the Cardinal.
CHEVREUSE: Oh, the King never listens to the Cardinal, my lady. And the Cardinal never listens to the King. Richelieu is an idiot, fuelling the King's ridiculous ideal for a united France.
ERIMEM: You are very opinionated, Madame de Chevreuse.
CHEVREUSE: Secretly, I believe the Cardinal carries a torch for the Queen.
ERIMEM: Carries a torch? Forgive me, I do not know the expression.

CHEVREUSE: He is in love with the Queen, but he is certainly no saint. I've heard that he has children in nunneries across the country. I was there when he first met the Queen, his eyes full of lust. No way for a man of the cloth to behave if you ask me. He's gone too far this time. I'm convinced he is acting against the Queen. But his comeuppance will be sweet.
ERIMEM: Madame de Chevreuse, you are a servant. It is not your place to discuss these matters.
CHEVREUSE: My apologies, Princess. Perhaps this dress?

LOUIS: My dear. Even I have to say you look stunning.
ANNE: I'm so glad you approve.
LOUIS: Now, now, we haven't got time for one of your little tiffs. The guests will be arriving soon.
ANNE: Don't worry. I know my duty.
RICHELIEU: As do I, your Majesty.
LOUIS: God damn it, Richelieu! You nearly gave me a heart attack. Stop creeping around like the Grim Reaper. And for heaven's sake, man, why haven't you changed?
RICHELIEU: I have tried to reason with you. I have pleaded with your wife, but to no avail. I have now been forced to take matters to higher authorities.
LOUIS: (laughing) Higher authorities? Richelieu, have you forgotten that I am the King? There is no higher authority.
RICHELIEU: You are forgetting your divine responsibility to Our Lord.
LOUIS: Oh, here we go.
(Door opens.)
RICHELIEU: Ah, Princess. Madame de Chevreuse.
(Door closes.)
RICHELIEU: Expertly timed. I need witnesses.
ERIMEM: Witnesses to what, Cardinal?
RICHELIEU: The King must make a decision. Either he calls off the State Ball and restores peace to the streets of Paris, and brings these criminals to justice.
LOUIS: Or?
RICHELIEU: Or I will have you excommunicated from the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

DOCTOR: Ow!
PERI: Are you okay?
DOCTOR: Ay, ay, ay, pins and needles. It'll pass. My arms are a bit longer, but that should come in handy for controlling the Tardis.
PERI: You could have been killed.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm quite well aware of that. But don't worry, Peri, I'm made of quite stern stuff.
PERI: Shouldn't we be getting out of here?
DOCTOR: Not just yet. I want to have a look around.
PERI: Fine time to become a tourist. Delmarre and Rouffet are waiting outside.
DOCTOR: Ah, so you made the acquaintance of our Musketeer friends. Charming fellows. I'm sure they'll be having the time of their lives by now.

(Vigorous sword fighting.)
DELMARRE: Behind you.

DOCTOR: I need to know what Buckingham's up to. He doesn't need all these men just to kidnap a Queen. In here.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Dining room, I'd say.
PERI: It's huge.
DOCTOR: Those old Barons really knew how to entertain. But somebody's been using this room for a different purpose.
PERI: Wine racks?
DOCTOR: Weapons racks. Lots of them. Empty now, of course.
PERI: Maybe the last tenant just left them here.
DOCTOR: In a dining room? Smell anything?
PERI: Oil.

DOCTOR: And steel. It gets into the air. Unmistakeable. Somebody's been maintaining weapons in this room. Swords and muskets. Interesting.
PERI: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm? I think it's time we got out of here. Come on.

LOUIS: You've finally gone stark staring mad, haven't you.
RICHELIEU: I assure you I'm perfectly sane.
ANNE: Louis, calm down.
LOUIS: Calm down? You cannot threaten to excommunicate the King of France!
RICHELIEU: It is no threat. Call off the Ball.
LOUIS: No.
RICHELIEU: Then you leave me no choice. Your Majesty, Princess, if you'll excuse me, I have to pen a letter to the Vatican.
LOUIS: You're going nowhere, Richelieu. Guards!
ANNE: Louis, what are you doing?
(Feet running.)
LOUIS: Guards, place the Cardinal under arrest for treason. Throw him in the deepest, darkest cell you can find.
ERIMEM: Your Majesty, this will solve nothing.
RICHELIEU: You can't do this!
LOUIS: I'm the King. I can do anything I like. Take him away!
RICHELIEU: You can't do this to me, Louis. (receding) I'm the Pope's representative in France. You'll bring religious war down on your head. I am your Prime Minister.
(Door opens.)
RICHELIEU: You can't do this to me, you hear?
(Door closes.)
LOUIS: Well, I thought that went rather well.
(Slap!)
LOUIS: How dare you!
ANNE: You've gone too far this time, Louis. Marie, Princess.
LOUIS: Where do you think you're going?
ANNE: To my quarters!
LOUIS: Oh, Princess Erimem, please. Talk some sense into her.
ERIMEM: I am sorry, your Majesty. I must go with her.
LOUIS: What about the Ball? The guests will be arriving soon. Anne! Come back at once!
(Door slams.)
LOUIS: Anne!

(Noisy fighting.)
DELMARRE: I haven't had this much fun since that business with the Queen's missing diamonds.
ROUFFET: Ah, happy days. Did we have to let those thugs and the peasant boy take all the credit? Do you mind, sir? This was clean on yesterday.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: I see our two swashbuckling friends are right at home.
PERI: Doctor, how exactly do you swash your buckle?
DOCTOR: Do you know, I haven't the foggiest. Gentlemen, it's time we were leaving.
DELMARRE: Go. We shall cover your escape.
ROUFFET: Speak for yourself. Wait for us.
PERI: Come on!
(Running.)
DOCTOR: Up you get.
PERI: Great. Horses again.
DOCTOR: Not now, Peri. And hang on to me.
DELMARRE: Gentlemen, we'd be very grateful if you'd step aside and allow us to escape.
ROUFFET: Do you think they know who they're dealing with?
DELMARRE: Unlikely.
ROUFFET: Impossible, or they'd be running away.
DOCTOR: Come on! We're not leaving you.
PERI: These stables could hold enough horses for an army.

DOCTOR: Exactly. Come on!
(All gallop off.)
ROUFFET: Farewell, my friends.

BUCKINGHAM: Captain Johnson, our training ends now. Give the orders to move out, We march on Paris tonight.
JOHNSON: Yes, your Grace.
(Bugles sound.)

DELMARRE: Whoa! Whoa!
ROUFFET: How many men do they have down there?
DOCTOR: I don't know, but it's just as I feared.
PERI: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Buckingham is invading France.

**[Part Four]**

LOUIS [OC]: Madame de Chevreuse, I demand that you open this door! Is the Queen ready for the Ball?
CHEVREUSE [OC]: The Queen has asked that no one but I and the Princess Erimem be admitted.
LOUIS [OC]: Nonsense. I'm the King. This is my palace, or at least it was last time I looked. I go where I please. Now step aside.
CHEVREUSE [OC]: The Queen was very insistent.
LOUIS [OC]: We'll see about that. Step aside, Madame.
CHEVREUSE [OC]: Of course, your Majesty.
(Door opens.)
CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty, I am sorry. I tried to stop him.
LOUIS: Madame, this has gone too
(Whoosh. Thrown china smashes.)
LOUIS: I say.
ANNE: Get out! Get out! Get out!
LOUIS: You've changed out of your ball gown. How dare you. Anne, as your husband, I demand
ANNE: Get out, Louis! Or so help me, I'll tear your eyes out.
LOUIS: Princess, have you ever seen such outrageous behaviour?
ERIMEM: I think the Queen may have good reason to be angry, your Majesty.
LOUIS: Really? When I want your opinion.
ANNE: Oh! (whoosh, smash) You asked what she thought, you pathetic little man.
ERIMEM: And I shall tell you both what I think. If I behaved in this manner in my own kingdom, I would have been executed within days and left for the jackals to feast upon. You bring shame and dishonour to the name of your Royal House.
(Silence for a moment.)
ANNE: Hmm. It takes an honoured guest in our country to finally speak some sense. Wouldn't you agree, Louis?
LOUIS: Be dressed in five minutes and ready to take my arm. If any of our guests suppose for one second that anything is amiss this evening, then you'll be joining the Cardinal in his new home. Do I make myself clear?
ANNE: Perfectly.
LOUIS: I look forward to your company at this evening's festivities, Princess, after which you will be escorted from the palace. You'll be thanked never to return to France.
ERIMEM: If this is how its King performs his royal duties, I would thank you for that.
LOUIS: Anne, do not dare to cross me.
(Footsteps, door closes.)
ANNE: Marie, my dress.
CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty, you aren't going through with this?
ANNE: What choice do I have?
ERIMEM: We always have a choice. That's something the Doctor has taught me. I wish he were here.

ANNE: So do I. We must stop Louis from doing anything rash.
ERIMEM: I will try to find the Doctor.
CHEVREUSE: It would be far safer if you remained here.
ANNE: No, go. I fear we are all in danger here. Be careful. The streets are in chaos.
ERIMEM: I'll probably find the Doctor in the middle of it.

(Galloping.)
DOCTOR: Peri, do you have to hold on so tight?
PERI: Do you have to go so fast?
DOCTOR: There *is* an army behind us. Besides, don't you find it exhilarating?
PERI: No.
DOCTOR: Where's your sense of adventure? Ha!

BUCKINGHAM: Do you smell it in the air, men? Victory! It's in our grasp. It's so tangible that I could almost touch it. By this time tomorrow the flag that flies above the Louvre will be English! Forward!
(Cheers.)

(Music playing, fanfare, music stops)
MAN: My lords, ladies and gentlemen, his Majesty King Louis the Thirteenth and Queen Anne.
(Applause.)
LOUIS: That's it, my dear. Keep smiling at the idiots. Make them feel wanted.
ANNE: I know my duty, Louis. Look to yours. The Cardinal should be here.
LOUIS: I can deal with the Cardinal and his leash-holder in Rome. (loud) I thought this was a Ball. Where's the music, eh? Play on.

(Horses stop.)
DELMARRE: My God.
ROUFFET: This is an outrage against the name of the Musketeers.
PERI: The streets look like a bomb's hit them.
DOCTOR: Buckingham's plan is working.
PERI: Plan?
DOCTOR: The King's steel against the Cardinal's throat.
PERI: Doctor?
DOCTOR: An elaborate hoax, stage-managed to perfection by Buckingham. Guards against Musketeers, leaving the city defenceless. An entire army could march through here and no one would notice.
PERI: That's exactly what's gonna happen.
DOCTOR: Yes. Why haven't the Cardinal and Louis put a stop to this by now?
ERIMEM: Doctor!
ROUFFET: Princess Erimem. You ride well.
DOCTOR: I thought I told you to stay at the palace.
ERIMEM: I had to find you. The King has gone mad. The Ball has begun, he's threatening the Queen and imprisoned the Cardinal.
DOCTOR: Imprisoned the. That answers one question, I suppose.
PERI: I'm pleased to see you, Princess. I thought you were ditching the royal title?
ERIMEM: And I see you have gained one, Queen Anne.
(They laugh.)
DOCTOR: The Duke is just going to ride through the gates, walk up to the palace and find France waiting on a plate for him.
DELMARRE: We must ride to the palace at once.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, wait. We need to raise a united front against the Duke's army.
ERIMEM: What can we do? It's hopeless.
DOCTOR: It's never hopeless. We just need to bang the heads of these idiots together.
DELMARRE: Excellent! And you shall lead us into battle, Doctor. We shall go to our barracks.
DOCTOR: I'm no soldier. Erimem, go with them.
PERI: Doctor, you can't let her
ERIMEM: I will do whatever you ask, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I've ridden with you in battle, seen you command soldiers. You'll be more use with

Delmarre and Rouffet.
ROUFFET: We will protect her, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You'd better.
PERI: And where are we going?
DOCTOR: We have a ball to attend. Let's go. All for one!
DELMARRE: What?
DOCTOR: Ah. Never mind.

(Hubbub of voices.)
LOUIS: Everything seems to be going very well.
ANNE: Yes. I'm having a wonderful time explaining where the Cardinal is. We should entertain more often.
LOUIS: What are you telling them?
ANNE: Oh, the truth.
LOUIS: You haven't.
ANNE: Of course not. He's got a bad head cold. I do wonder what they'd all think if they knew the most powerful man in France was languishing in a cell beneath their feet.
LOUIS: The most powerful man in France? Surely you speak of your husband, my dear. Look down there. Every Earl and Lord under one roof. The unity of France stands before you, Anne, and the Church is nowhere to be seen. What would your precious Duke of Buckingham think of me now?
ANNE: You're risking losing your throne and bringing the weight of the entire Catholic Church crashing down on your head because of jealousy?
LOUIS: I wanted to show you that I could be strong, that I didn't need Richelieu. I am the King of France, and I will rule this country with my beautiful wife by my side.
ANNE: Louis, if I didn't despise the ground you walked on, I'd say that's the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me.

(Shouts of fighting.)
DELMARRE: This is not good.
ROUFFET: Your understatement never ceases to amaze me.
ERIMEM: They're going to kill each other.
DELMARRE: That does seem to be the general idea, yes.
ERIMEM: Well, stop them.
(Draws sword.)
ROUFFET: You there, Musketeer. Do you know where your Captain is?
(Yell, something thrown.)
ROUFFET: A polite no would have sufficed.
ERIMEM: We must get their attention.
DELMARRE: What do you suggest? I don't think gentlemanly banter is going to do the trick.
ERIMEM: Do you have. Earlier, the Cardinal and I were knocked over by, well, some kind of noise.
DELMARRE: Noise?
ROUFFET: Of course, explosives. The armoury should be stacked with it.
ERIMEM: Get some. I have an idea.

DOCTOR: We are guests of the Princess Erimem, and we have to see the King. I don't suppose it would help if I said it was a matter of life and death?
PERI: You're wasting your breath, Doctor. He's not gonna let anyone in while the State Ball's still going.
DOCTOR: If we don't get in there, he's not likely to be letting anyone in ever again. Well, there's more than one way to skin a bat. This way.
PERI: This is going to involve a smelly old tunnel, isn't it?

BUCKINGHAM: Halt! Behold, our prize, Paris, oblivious to her fate. History will praise this night and recognise the might of England and his Majesty King Charles. And finally I shall be able to put my boot up Louis's backside. Forward, my men! Forward to victory!

DOCTOR: Come on, I'll catch you.
PERI: You could have been honest about this, you know.
(Jumps down.)
DOCTOR: I once had to sneak a very drunk François Boucher back into the Louvre through these tunnels.
PERI: I can't think of anyone I'd rather be in a smelly, rat-infested tunnel with, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That's the spirit. Hmm, yes, er, this way, I think.
PERI: Doctor?
DOCTOR: What is it?
PERI: Something's just occurred to me.
DOCTOR: We don't really have time to discuss this.
PERI: No, no, this is important. Why are we doing this?
DOCTOR: There's a King upstairs who seems to have gone quite mad, and a paranoid maniac who, last time I checked, was the Prime Minister of England, marching on the city with quite a large army behind him. That's why we're doing this.
PERI: But why? What would happen if we didn't?
DOCTOR: Buckingham could overthrow France, then strike out through Europe, and the British, or at least the English Empire would happen a couple of centuries too soon. And we know that didn't happen.
PERI: Do we?
DOCTOR: Yes. We do. The history books are written.
PERI: How do we know it didn't happen this way? We could be changing history as we speak. Maybe Buckingham *did* invade. Maybe he did succeed. How would we know?
DOCTOR: *I* would know. The longer you travel with me the easier it will become to understand. We are part of history as much as Buckingham, Delmarre, Rouffet, the King and Queen. We don't have a choice.
PERI: But we're *changing* history.
DOCTOR: No. No, no, no, no. We're not changing history, we *are* history. We're here, we've always been here, and we always will be here. Do you understand?
PERI: Not really.
DOCTOR: (sighs) You'll just have to trust me.
PERI: Huh. Trusting you is one of the easiest things I've ever done.
DOCTOR: I've got one of those faces, apparently. Now, let's go. History won't wait forever.

DELMARRE: Pack the powder harder, you idiot. You'll have my face off.
ROUFFET: There. I hope you know what you're doing.
ERIMEM: Yes, so do I. There is a lot of powder.
DELMARRE: I don't believe in half-measures.
ROUFFET: That's not what Madame Jousaq said last week.
DELMARRE: Just light the fuse and shut up.
ROUFFET: I suggest you get down and cover your ears, your Highness.
(Fuse sizzling. Boom! Coughing.)
ERIMEM: That got their attention.
DELMARRE: My friends, may I present the Princess Erimem of Karnak. She'd rather like a word with you.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: This looks promising.
PERI: If you like damp corridors.
DOCTOR: I think I've mentioned on more than one occasion that sarcasm does not become you, Miss Brown, hmm? Up here, I think.
RICHELIEU [OC]: Guards! If you don't let me out
PERI: Can you hear that?
DOCTOR: It's coming from down here.
RICHELIEU [OC]: No, that's too easy. You'll burn. Burn in the fires of hell.
DOCTOR: I think we've just found Cardinal Richelieu. I think we should let him out, don't you?
PERI: There's a guard.
DOCTOR: You'll have to distract him.
PERI: How?

DOCTOR: I'm sure you'll think of something.
RICHELIEU [OC]: Let me out!

ERIMEM: If you served in my army, I would have left you to rot in the desert. You are a disgrace and you dishonour those who you serve.
ROUFFET: She's very good, isn't she?
DELMARRE: Mmm, quite remarkable.
ERIMEM: You must down your swords and work together, side by side against a common foe. Not far from your city marches an army. An English army led by the Duke of Buckingham. Your desire to seek revenge has left your city defenceless. The English have tricked you. Your Captain Morand died at their hands. I have just left the Queen. She is alive and well, and I speak to you on her command. You must unite. Down your swords and work together to defend your country, your King, Queen and Cardinal!
DELMARRE: For the Church and the Crown!
CROWD: Church and Crown!
ERIMEM: You seem to have the beginnings of an army. Command them well.
ROUFFET: We will, your Highness.
DELMARRE: You and you and, not you, you! Ride immediately and gather all the men you can in the name of the King and the Cardinal.
ROUFFET: Break out the muskets.

RICHELIEU [OC]: Guards! If you don't let me out of here, you'll be
PERI: Hi. Can I ask you something? These boots. Are they me?
GUARD: Er
PERI: I mean, I'm more of a leotard and shorts kind of girl, but frankly, my legs in these boots.
GUARD: Urgh.
DOCTOR: Terribly sorry about this, but a little pressure
(Thud.)
DOCTOR: Sweet dreams. Peri, get the keys.
RICHELIEU [OC]: Guards!
(Unlocking door.)
RICHELIEU [OC]: Finally you've come to your senses.
(Door opens.)
RICHELIEU: Contemptible. Oh. I see the jester has come to my rescue.
PERI: Jester?
DOCTOR: Hmm. I'll explain later.
RICHELIEU: And this, one assumes, is the young lady who resembles our Queen.
DOCTOR: Cardinal, I think it's time you and I had a word with the King.

BUCKINGHAM: The city gates, silent and inviting. Do you doubt my plan now? Give the order to move forward.
DELMARRE: Ahem. Excuse me. Could I have a quick word?
BUCKINGHAM: What's this?
DELMARRE: It looks like you want to come in, but I'm afraid we're all out. So, if you'd like to turn round and come back at a more convenient time?
BUCKINGHAM: And who will stop me?
ERIMEM: We will.
BUCKINGHAM: What? Two Musketeers and a girl? Ha!
DELMARRE: Oh, er, sorry, er, I forgot to introduce my friends.
(Swords drawn.)
BUCKINGHAM: How ironic. The very men I tried so hard to destroy will attempt to stop me.
ERIMEM: You have two choices. Return to England.
ROUFFET: Or die.
BUCKINGHAM: I've come too far to turn back now. (draws sword) Cavalry regiment stand by.
DELMARRE: Muskets, take aim!
BUCKINGHAM: Charge!
DELMARRE: Fire!

(Music stops as door slams open.)
DOCTOR: Your Majesty! Stop the Ball!
LOUIS: Do you ever knock?
DOCTOR: You are in great danger, and so is everyone here.
LOUIS: In my own palace? I think not.
RICHELIEU: The Doctor speaks the truth.
LOUIS: I'm so glad that you could join us, Cardinal. I thought you were ill.
RICHELIEU: The Doctor is true to his name. His skill in curing my illness was quite remarkable.
LOUIS: Indeed.
PERI: We don't have time for this!
ANNE: I don't believe it.
PERI: Believe it, your Majesty. It's like looking in a mirror.
RICHELIEU: You must seal the palace immediately, your Majesty. The Duke of Buckingham is marching on Paris as we speak.
LOUIS: Ridiculous. I would have received word if any army had landed on the French coast.
DOCTOR: That's because an army hasn't landed. Buckingham's been smuggling troops and weapons into France for months, right under your nose.
LOUIS: No doubt to come and collect his lover and whisk her back to England, eh, Anne?
ANNE: Oh, please.
RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, will you listen to me? Stop the Ball and seal the palace. If Buckingham's men should break through the city walls you'll be handing him the entire French aristocracy!
DOCTOR: And he won't stop there. Once he's annexed Paris, then France, he'll have gained a bridgehead into Europe.
RICHELIEU: It's not too late to do the right thing.
ANNE: Louis, you're being offered a second chance. Take it!
LOUIS: That's another problem with the English. They always ruin a good party.

(Fighting.)
ROUFFET: Princess, this is no place for a lady.
ERIMEM: I told you, I am no lady.
(Clash of swords.)
ROUFFET: You fight well.
ERIMEM: I had a good teacher. We're beating them back.
ROUFFET: These Cardinal's guards are surprisingly good.
ERIMEM: Then perhaps you can all learn to live in peace.
DELMARRE: Oh, good lord, no.
ROUFFET: Good shot, sir.
DELMARRE: I thought I killed him last week.
ROUFFET: That was his brother.
ERIMEM: Buckingham's men are fleeing.
DELMARRE: Fluctuat nec mergitur.
ERIMEM: What?
ROUFFET: She is buffeted by the waves but she does not sink. The motto of the city.
(Erimem gasps.)
BUCKINGHAM: Throw down your swords or I'll slit her throat.
ROUFFET: You English dog.
BUCKINGHAM: Soon this English dog will be master.
DELMARRE: The battle is lost, Buckingham. Your men are deserting you.
ROUFFET: The odds are against you. Let the Princess go.
BUCKINGHAM: Never talk odds with a gambling man.
ERIMEM: What did the Queen possibly see in you? Your breath is disgusting.
(Thump.)
BUCKINGHAM: Oh! You play rough. Maybe I should look to other royal houses for my conquests in future. You want her? Take her.
ERIMEM: Oh!
ROUFFET: Curse him.
ERIMEM: He'll be heading for the palace. We can catch him before he gets there.

ROUFFET: But the battle.
ERIMEM: I think the newly combined forces of the King and Cardinal can take care of that.

(Church bells.)
MAURICE: Alms for a leper. Alms for a leper. Alms for. Oh, excuse me, sir, but could you
BUCKINGHAM: Get out of my way.
(Thud.)
MAURICE: It's not like the old days.

(Hubbub of voices.)
RICHELIEU: (receding) My lord, there really is no cause for concern.
LOUIS: I hope this was worth it, Doctor. My reputation could be ruined by this.
ANNE: You were doing a good enough job of that yourself.
DOCTOR: I had hoped to have heard from Erimem by now.
PERI: No news is good news. She'll be fine.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, she's very resourceful. I wouldn't have let her go otherwise.
PERI: You're growing attached to her, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Well, er, I wouldn't quite go that far.
PERI: (laughs) Oh, Doctor.
ANNE: As the guests are all leaving, I don't suppose you need me to put on this ridiculous act any more. I'm going to my chambers.
CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty, I think it would be safer if we remained here.
RICHELIEU: I think that would be wiser.
ANNE: Your concern is touching, Cardinal.
PERI: Doctor, I don't think I look anything like her. Her nose is crooked.

GUARD: Halt, who goes (thump, stab)
BUCKINGHAM: Sorry, but you're not invited to the party.
(Door opens.)

MAURICE: For a leper. Alms for a leper. Alms
ERIMEM: Maurice. Has anyone run past here in the last few minutes?
MAURICE: Sent me flying, he did. I don't know who he was, but he sounded a bit foreign to me.
ROUFFET: Buckingham.
ERIMEM: We must hurry.
MAURICE: While you're here, I don't suppose you could spare an alm for
(Receding running feet.)
MAURICE: Oh, never mind.

(Door opens, pistol cocked.)
BUCKINGHAM: If anyone moves, I'll put a bullet through your King's head.
DOCTOR: Everybody stay exactly where they are.
ANNE: George.
BUCKINGHAM: Hello, Anne. I'd love to pick this up from where we left off, but I'm about to kill your husband.
LOUIS: Guards, protect me! Guards!
DOCTOR: You can't win, your Grace. You'll never get out of the palace.
BUCKINGHAM: Doctor. I thought you were dead.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry to disappoint you.
RICHELIEU: Buckingham, throw down your weapon, and I will let you walk away a free man.
BUCKINGHAM: I say, Richelieu, steady on.
(Pistol cocked.)
CHEVREUSE: Or you can leave here in a coffin, your Eminence.
ANNE: Marie, what are you doing?
RICHELIEU: Ah, Madame de Chevreuse. I wondered when you'd play your hand.
CHEVREUSE: My love, I have Richelieu.
ANNE: My love?
RICHELIEU: Oh yes, she's been sharing the Duke's bed. My agents have been intercepting

her pathetic vows of love to him for some months now. They make the most amusing reading.
CHEVREUSE: Be careful, Cardinal. I do have a gun to your head. Jealous, your Majesty?
ANNE: You're welcome to him.
BUCKINGHAM: You might wait until after I've killed your husband before dumping me.

ERIMEM: This guard is dead. Buckingham must have come this way.
DELMARRE: The ballroom, quickly.

BUCKINGHAM: (distant) I do hope
PERI: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: Trying to free this sword. That's it. While the Duke's distracted, try and get behind de Chevreuse.
LOUIS: As you wish.
DOCTOR: Your Grace.
BUCKINGHAM: What?
(Sword flourish. Thump.)
DOCTOR: Howzat!
CHEVREUSE: My Duke!
PERI: Hey.
CHEVREUSE: You!
PERI: Yeah, me.
CHEVREUSE: Ow!
RICHELIEU: Excellent, young lady. Tell me, have you ever considered a career in the church?
BUCKINGHAM: This isn't over, Doctor. As they say around these parts, en garde.
DOCTOR: Note to self. Never throw a sword away. You never know when it will come in handy.
LOUIS: Doctor, catch!
DOCTOR: Thank you, your Majesty.
BUCKINGHAM: You would dare to take on one of the finest swordsmen in England?
DOCTOR: Hasn't anybody told you? We're in France! Ha!
(Clash of swords.)
PERI: Doctor, be careful!
(Running feet, sword fight in distance.)
ERIMEM: Doctor!
ROUFFET: The Doctor fights like a Musketeer.
DELMARRE: Better than a Musketeer.
ROUFFET: And you were going to fight him this morning.
DELMARRE: Hmm, I know.
BUCKINGHAM: Not bad for a spy, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I told you, I'm not a spy. Ah!
ROUFFET: Pinned like a butterfly. Excellent.
DOCTOR: Not bad for a jester, eh? Delmarre, Rouffet, I think I can leave the Duke in your capable hands.
DELMARRE: It'll be a pleasure, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Erimem! How's your army?
ERIMEM: Chasing Buckingham's men all the way back to England. They are heroes, Doctor.
LOUIS: Doctor, you saved my life.
DOCTOR: Don't tell everybody, your Majesty. They'll all want me to do it.
BUCKINGHAM: This is an outrage. When King Charles hears of this unwarranted attack upon an English ambassador, he'll declare war on this miserable country.
RICHELIEU: War is one of the scourges with which it has pleased God to afflict men. And you have already tried and failed in that enterprise.
BUCKINGHAM: Where is your proof, Cardinal?
DOCTOR: Proof? Do excuse me, your Grace, but, ah, yes. I think you'll find this letter in Buckingham's own hand, by the look of it, gives you your proof. (reads) France is yours, my King. A present from your friend and servant George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham.
RICHELIEU: If I may, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Of course.
(Paper torn.)
LOUIS: Richelieu, what on Earth?

RICHELIEU: Your Majesty, if this scandal were to go beyond these walls, think of the consequences. It would throw Europe into chaos. England would be besieged. The entire face of the continent blemished by war.
LOUIS: But
RICHELIEU: And none of us are ready for that. Secrecy is the first essential in affairs of State.
LOUIS: But this will fall on my head, Richelieu.
RICHELIEU: Concealing true intentions is the art of Kings. I have every faith in your diplomatic skills, your Majesty.
ANNE: And what of Buckingham?
DELMARRE: Worried about the fate of your lover?
ANNE: He is *not* my lover.
ERIMEM: He should be executed.
DOCTOR: What?
PERI: Don't you think that's a bit drastic, Erimem?
ERIMEM: He has acted against your kingdom. Back home, he would be sent to the House of Pain.
LOUIS: This girl certainly has spirit.
DOCTOR: Ahem. Erimem, I think you and I need to have a little chat.
RICHELIEU: No, I think not.
BUCKINGHAM: What are you going to do with me?
RICHELIEU: You will be returned to England to face your King. Should you return to French soil again, it will be on pain of death. And take your whore with you.
CHEVREUSE: George, my love. I will never leave your side.
BUCKINGHAM: My whore? I think there is some mistake. I've never seen this woman in my life.
CHEVREUSE: George!
RICHELIEU: Take him away.
DELMARRE: Yes, your Eminence.
CHEVREUSE: George, don't leave me! Please, my Duke.
RICHELIEU: And while you're about it, scrape this pathetic creature off the floor.
CHEVREUSE: Your Majesty, I beg you
ANNE: Get her out of my sight.
DOCTOR: That's diplomatic immunity for you.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah, good morning. Sleep well?
(Door closes.)
PERI: Like a log.
ERIMEM: Like a
DOCTOR: It's a figure of speech.
ERIMEM: Are we not leaving?
DOCTOR: The King and Cardinal wanted to see us before we departed.
PERI: Doctor, I can't help but feel that Buckingham's getting away with murder.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't worry about Buckingham, Peri. He'll get his comeuppance in about two years time. Trust me. Or rather, trust history and an angry English puritan with a grudge and a very sharp knife.
(Door opens and closes.)
DELMARRE: Doctor, ladies. The King and Cardinal will see you now. Follow me.

DELMARRE: May I present her Royal Highness Princess Erimem of Karnak, Lady Perpugilliam Brown, and Royal Vizier the Doctor.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Oh no, I was afraid of something like this.
PERI: (sotto) Relax. Enjoy it.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
LOUIS: Richelieu, do you want to do the honours?
RICHELIEU: Of course, your Majesty. Doctor, you have performed great acts of bravery in the service of France.
DOCTOR: Well, it was nothing, really. I mean
RICHELIEU: In recognition of those acts of bravery
DOCTOR: Look, there's really no need

ERIMEM: Doctor, be polite.
RICHELIEU: You are being awarded an honorary commission in the Cardinal's Guards.
LOUIS: And the King's Musketeers. Delmarre, Rouffet, present the Doctor with his tunic and musket.
DOCTOR: Do you think I could just have the tunic? Guns really aren't my
PERI: Doctor, say thank you.
DOCTOR: Er, yes, thank you.
ANNE: I would also like to give you my thanks. Lady Peri, you have my apologies for the danger you faced in my place.
PERI: Oh, you get used to it.
ANNE: Princess Erimem, should you ever rule over your kingdom, your country will have found its finest Queen.
ERIMEM: You honour me, your Majesty.
DOCTOR: She already has ruled, and she did it magnificently. Now, we really must be going.

(Street sounds.)
DOCTOR: It's really quite simple.
PERI: Doctor, you're wasting your time.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. Now, you pull out your sword with a rousing all for one!
ROUFFET: And I reply, what was it again?
DOCTOR: And one for all. Remember?
DELMARRE: All for one
DELMARRE + ROUFFET: And one for all.
DOCTOR: Well, with a little practice I'm sure you'll get it.
DELMARRE: Thank you, Doctor. We'll bear it in mind.
ROUFFET: Are you sure we can't escort you to your
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. There's really no need. We usually like to slip out by the tradesman's entrance anyway.
PERI: (sotto) And it would cause far too many questions if they saw us leave.
ERIMEM: (sotto) No doubt.
DELMARRE: Then we shall bid you au revoir, Doctor. You are a man of honour, sir. I feel duty bound to apologise for my comrade's rudeness on our first meeting.
ROUFFET: What? Of all the
DOCTOR: Yes, it's been a pleasure, but we need to be making a move. Time and tide and er all that. Peri, Erimem, shall we?
PERI: Anything to get out of these boots.
ERIMEM: I like them.
(Walk away.)
DELMARRE: All for one and one for all. Hmm. It'll never catch on.

PERI: The Tardis sure is a sight for sore eyes. Home sweet home.
DOCTOR: I've always thought so. Hello, old girl.
PERI: You're doing it again, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Doing what? Oh. Yes. Sorry. Come on.
(Tardis door opens.)
PERI: Erimem, what's wrong?
ERIMEM: The Tardis might be home for you, but it is a home I will soon be leaving.
DOCTOR: Leaving? Why on Earth would you want to do that?
ERIMEM: You were supposed to be taking me to
DOCTOR: Ah, yes, the Braxiatel Collection. Of course. Er, look, I've been thinking. I'm usually one for travelling light. A crowd in the Tardis always leads to arguments, bickering and well, laundry day can be a nightmare, but
PERI: Doctor, what are you saying?
DOCTOR: Well, despite kidnappings and torture, and the near collapse of French civilisation, today has been rather, well, fun. What do you say, Erimem?
ERIMEM: I can stay?
DOCTOR: The Tardis rarely runs on time, but I can promise you discovery and adventure beyond your wildest imagination.
ERIMEM: I would be honoured.
PERI: Great!

DOCTOR: Hmm. Quite. But we must discuss that cat of your.
ERIMEM: Antranak?
DOCTOR: Antranak?
ERIMEM: I have decided to name him after my mentor.
DOCTOR: Fur ball, more like. Now, time we were off. (inside the Tardis) Who fancies a trip to Barastabon to pick up a chocolate gateau?
PERI [OC]: Me!
ERIMEM [OC]: Me too.
(Tardis door closes.)
DOCTOR [OC]: If I can just set the
(Cat yowls.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Ow! Erimem!
(The Tardis dematerialises.)